

The Wanton Virgins Frighted:

*With the S P Y's Down-Fall from the Tree-Top; to
the Pond - Bottom.*



YOU that delight in a Jocular Song,
Come listen unto me a-while Sir.
I dare engage you cannot tarry long,
before it must make you to smile, Sir,
Near to this Town there liv'd an Old Man,
who had three pretty Maids to his Daughters,
Of whom I shall tell you a Story anon,
will tickle your Fancy with Laughter.

The old Man he had in his Garden a Pond,
'twas in very fine Summer Weather;
The Daughters one Night were all very fond
to go and bathe in it together.

Which they all agreed, but happen'd to be
overheard by a Youth in the House, Sir,
Who got in the Garden, and climb'd up a Tree,
and there sat as still as a Mouse, Sir.

The Bough where he sat it hung over the Pond,
and each Puff of Wind he did totter.
Pleas'd with the Thoughts he should fit to abscond,
and see them go into the Water.
When the old Man was got safe in his Bed,
the Daughters unto the Pond went Sir,
One to the other two laughing she said,
as high as our Bubbies we'll venture.

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Upon the tender green Grass they sat down,
they were of most delicate Feature.
Each put off her Petticoat, Smock and Gown,
no Sight it could ever be sweeter :
Into the Pond then they dabbling went,
so clean that they needed no Washing,
But they were all so unlucky bent,
like Boys they began to be dashing.

If any should chance to see us, said one,
they'd think we were bobbing of Evils,
And from the Sight of us quickly would run,
to avoid so many White Devils.
This put the Youth in such a merry Pin,
that he let go his Hold through Laughter,
And as it fell out, he fell tumbling in,
and scar'd them all out of the Water.

The Old-Man by this Time a Noise he had heard,
and rose out of Bed in a Fright, Sir,
And comes to the Door with an old rusty Sword,
there stood in a Posture to fight Sir.
The Daughters they all came tumbling in,
and ovr their Dad they did blunder,
Who cry'd out aloud, Mercy good Gentlemen,
and thought they'd been Thieves come to plunder

The Noise by this Time the Neighbourhood hears,
and came with long Clubs to assist him.
He said thrat three bloody Rogues run up the stairs,
he dar'd by no means to resist them.



For they were cloathed all in their Buff,
he see as they shov'd in their Shoulders,
And Black Bandaliers hung before like a Ruff,
which made him believe they were Soldiers.

These Virgins their Cloaths in the Garden had left,
and Keys of their Trunks in their Pocket.
To put on the Sheets they were fain to make shift,
their Chest they could not unlock it.
At last ventur'd up these valiant Men,
tho' armed with Courage undaunted,
But took them for Spirits and run back again,
and swore that the House it was haunted.

As they retreated, the Young-man they met,
come shivering in at the Door, Sir,
Who look'd like a Rat, his Cloaths dropping wet,
no Rogue that was pump'd could look worse, Sir.
They all weae amazed to see him come in,
and asked him what was the Matter ?
He told them the Story and where he had been,
which made them burst into a Laughter.

Quoth the Old Dad, I was in a Huff,
and reckon'd to cut them in funder,
Thinking they had been three Soldiers in Buff,
that came here to rise and plunder.
But thney were ray Daughters whom I ador'd,
all frighted from private Diversion ;
Therefore will I put up my Old rusty Sword,
for why should I be in a Passion,